2r Leitner L-2 (1888-92) 1893? AV3 Dard AV3

fied. So far Chitrál. As for Chilás, the people have come to Dr. Robertson's Camp and express friendliness.

LETTERS FROM MIHTAR NIZAM-UL-MULK TO DR. LEITNER:

My kind and true friend and dear companion, may you know:

That before this, prompted by excess of friendship and belief in me, you had written to me a letter of sincerity full of pleasing precepts and words of faithfulness. These were received and caused joy to my heart. My true friend, whatever words of faith and sincere regard there were, these have been written in my mind. For I am one of your disciples and well-wishers here, and have no other care but that of serving and well-wishing my friends. My heart grieves at separation from friends, but there is no remedy except resignation. *As I consider your stay there [in London] as my own stay, I kept from your friendship that you have expressed words of my well-being and my sincerity towards the Lord Bahadur and the Great Queen and thus performed the office of friendship and caused joy there.* Another request is that if you have found a good dog like "Zalu," when you come to Delhi please send it to Jowanon. My men are there, and shall bring it to me. Further, the volume of papers on the customs of Chitrál and the old folk-tales have been written partly in Persian and partly in the Chitráli language. We are frontier and village people, and are deficient in intelligence and eloquence. They have not been very well done, and I don't know if they will please you or not. But we have no better eloquence or precision as we are hillmen.

Tuesday 11th Shawwal 1304 despatched from Turikoh to London.

The standard of affection and friendship, the foundation-stone of kindness and obligation, my friend, may his kindness increase!

After augmenting the desire of your joy-giving meeting be it known to your kind self, that the condition of *this* your faithful friend is such as to call for thanks to the Almighty. The safety and good health of *that* friend [yourself] is always wished for. As you had sent me several volumes of bound papers to write on them the customs of the Chitrar people and these folk-tales, partly in Persian and partly in Chitrari language, I have in accordance with this request of *that* true friend got them written partly in Persian and partly in Chitrari and sent to you. Inshallah, they will reach you, but I do not know whether they will please you or not; in any case you know, that whatever may be possible to do by a faithful friend or by his employés I will do, with the help of God, if you will forgive any faulty execution of your wishes, and continue to remember me for any services in my power, and keep me informed continually of your good health so as to dispel my anxiety. The condition here is of all news the best, as no new event has happened; but three persons, wayfarers and travellers, have come from Wakhan to Mastuj and two of these persons I have sent on to Chitrar, and one of these wanderers has remained (behind) at Mastuj. They don't know anybody. Sometimes they say we are Russians, and sometimes they say we are Frenchmen. And I with my own eye have not seen them. If I had seen them, they might have told me. Another desire is that you send me something worth reading in English words and write opposite to them their translation into Persian, so that it may be a pleasure and useful to me. I have another request to make which is that you may be pleased to give an early fulfilment to your kind promise of visiting Chitrar with your lady for the purpose of sight-seeing and sport and study. I have been waiting ever since for your arrival. It is really only right that you should come now when the weather is very delightful, game is abundant, and I have made every arrangement for our hunting together. Everything is tranquil and you will be able to return before the winter, greatly pleased. Let this become a fact. The writer Sirdar Nizam-ul-Mulk, Tuesday the 11th of Shawwál, from Turikoh to London. May it be calculated!

Throwing herself on his neck she welcomed back the wanderer, but then being struck with suspicion, she looked steadily at him for a moment, pushed the hair off his temples to look for a scar remembered only by herself, and declared that he was not her son. The man protested vehemently that he was, till at last, overcome with confusion by the woman's positive manner, he confessed that he was not the man he pretended to represent, but his foster-brother. The two had lived as slaves under the same master till the death of the Wazir's son had suggested the possibility of the imposture as an regaining his freedom.

The following story, given me by one who was better able than most to give a connected account of his adventures, is a fair sample of the history of hundreds :—

THE STORY OF BIBA KHAN.

"I was born at Minawar, near Gilgit. My father died when I was a boy, and Suleiman Shah killed my grandfather in Chor. When I was about sixteen years old, Suleiman Shah sent me with a hundred others of my family and village to Yassin as slaves. At the end of three years I escaped back to Gilgit. Azad Khan was then ruling there. After a time Azad Khan was killed by Tahir Shah of Nagar, who ruled in Gilgit about three years and then died. He was succeeded by his son Sekunder, who ruled for about six years. When Gohr Aman invaded the country, Sekunder came from Nagar to meet him, and a fight took place at Gilgit, on the left bank of the river, in which Sekunder was killed. At the end of a year Gohr Aman returned to Yassin, taking with him you Gilgitis, among whom were my brothers and myself, and gave us both to Ibrahim Khan, the son of his cousin Kowar Khan, who took us to Yarkhun. At the end of four months we two and another Gilgiti escaped by night. We reached the top of the mountain of Kut, on which was much snow, by morning. We descended into the valley of Ta-rikho, near three small villages. The people of Tsorikho cultivate the hillside in the same manner as is done in the Sai Valley (i.e., in terraces rising above the road on both sides). Between Mastuch and Tsorikho [illegible] Mastuch are Sonoghor, Avi, and Buroi. Beyond Buroi is Reshun. I once went as far as this before I escaped, but on this occasion I did not get beyond Shogram, where I was seized by the people of Asman-ool-Mulk who happened to be there at the time. By his order I was taken to Wakhan and given to Mear Pairah Ali Shah. In three days we arrived at Sarhad-e-Wakhan. Between Tsorikho and Sarhad is a pass which has snow on it in summer, and part of it is difficult to travel over. At Punja I was sold by Pairah Ali Shah, in exchange for merchandise, to a merchant of Zebak, named Erfanah, who took me to Yarkund by way of Sarhad. We were six days from Wakhan to Sirikol with a caravan of merchants. From Sirikol we went to Yarkund by the Kosalorab road. As far as Kosalorab the people are

Shugh (i.e., Sinkiang). From Kashmeh we arrived at Yarkand in six easy marches. In Yarkand Erkehah sold me to a widow for one pashtun and ten tangas to support (about £1/1). This woman, who kept a shop, employed me for a year to carrying wood and water, and then sold me for the same money to Mir Rahim Bai, an Andijani merchant. This Mir Rahim Bai was the owner of much land, on which he employed fifteen slaves. Five other slaves were employed in his house. My business was to ride to attendance on him when he went out. At that time the Chinese ruled the country. Though they were not Mussulmans, except a few who were called Tungan (Tunganis), the call to prayer was not forbidden, and the precepts of the Shariat were observed. No duties were levied, and if a man went on pilgrimage, assistance was given him. A youth at that time, in Yarkand, would fetch as a slave two pashtuns, and a young man about the price I was sold for. A handsome young woman would sell for three pashtuns (about £1/10). At the end of two years, with nine other slaves, I escaped from Yarkand, trying to reach Gilgit by way of Cogian. We had a supply of baked bread with us, and only travelled by night, avoiding all habitations. We reached Cogian after eleven days, and had nearly arrived at the top of the range, when a fall of snow obliged us to halt in a valley. Five Khoos men on horseback overtook us, and as we had only one sword among us, we could not have done all I killed one man with the sword, and taking his gun shot another; one of our number also was killed, and the rest of us taken back to Yarkand. The journey back only took five days, and had we known the road as first, we should not have been taken. On our return we were taken before the Chinese Governor, who, however, did not punish us, but gave us back to our former masters. Mir Rahim Bai imprisoned me for one month, with a pinch of wood fixed over my neck, and then made me work with chains on for a year, when he sold me to another Andijani merchant named Mahommed Yunus Bai, for the same price he had given for me. My employment with Mahommed Yunus Bai was to carry his loads of merchandise. At the end of two years I again escaped with four men and two women. In twelve days' travelling by night we reached Cogian, and in six days more Gichelmik, where we found some Kirghiz. From this we travelled by night for two days towards Hunzagh and Nagar with a kafila of Baltis, when we were attacked in a swamping place by a band of the men of the Baltis escaped back to Yarkand. In four days we were taken to Shimshal, which is in the Hunza country. The road was difficult and mountainous. Hunza cannot travel by it. There are two mountains covered with snow to be crossed, and it is uninhabited. The distance is about the same as from Gilgit to Astor. Shimshal is a small place with about forty houses; the village is on a plateau just less above the river. From Shimshal to Murkhun is two marches; the road is only fit for men on foot, but there is no snow in summer, and only a little in winter. There are six houses and a small fort at Murkhun. Between Murkhun and Gircheh are small but steep mountains have to be crossed. The road is closed by snow for two months. At Gircheh is a small fort with twelve houses. Beyond Gircheh is Sumayar. At Sumayar I was imprisoned for a year, and then was sold for two horses to Mahommed Khan Khan, brother of the Mir Nasir Ali Shah of Nagar. At

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157 that time Chanadur Khan was ruler of Shoma. From Soomar people
147 go to Pooma, from Pooma to Gudkun, and thence to Shoma on the third day. I did not see the road, but was told it was mountainous and covered with snow. From Soomar I was taken to Chagarooma, which contains twelve houses; the distance is about 10 miles. From Chagarooma I was taken to Sehagarooh, where there is a stream, but no habitations. The road is difficult, and there is much snow in winter. Horses travel the road with difficulty. From Sehagarooh, crossing the mountain, we reached Sarkad in Wakhan; the distance is so that from Gilgit to Sarkad. When I arrived at Pooja, Futteh Ali Shah did not recognise me. Many merchants came, but none brought me. At last Futteh Ali Shah recognised me. I said to him, "Oh Ameer, even do but kill a sheep once; you kill me twice." I related to him the history of my being sold by him to Erkutish, and what had happened since. He said, "This time I have nothing to do with you, you are in the hands of my brother Mahommed Alee Khan." After some time Mahommed Alee Khan sold me to Sikunder Shah, the Wuzeer of the Hakim of Zeba. At that time Mir Shah was ruler of Badakhshan. I remained in Zeba one winter, then I was sold to Shamshah Bai of Sehibh, about 20 miles from Zeba. There are about thirty houses in Sehibh, and the people are Soonees, as at Zeba. As from Zeba, close to Zeba, they are Shiahs (Syuds). After two years I escaped from Sehibh, and wandered in the mountains for three days, but could find no road, so returned to near Zeba, where I lay hid for three days in the house of a man who was friendly to me. On the fourth day he showed me the way to escape, and I arrived at Sehibh in four stages, travelling only by night. On the way I crossed a high mountain, and avoiding Ghuk in three stages more I reached Lutgaru, where there is a small fort. There two men seized me and wanted to send me back to Badakhshan, but they could not agree among themselves. I told them that I was a servant of Ashak Khan, who had lately visited Badakhshan, and that when he had left I was ill and could not travel with him. They believed me and showed me the road over the bridge opposite the fort. From there I travelled eastward up a valley, but found much snow and no way out, so turning back I followed a valley to the right, and at midday reached a great lake. From the lake I reached the top of a snowy mountain. No winter nobody travels this road, but in summer very rarely and no regular caravans ever travel by it. On the right, very uniform and bad, goes into the country of the Kashgarli Kafirs, the other, by the Lutkhoh Valley, leads to Chitral. I travelled by this road to Shoghor. From Lutkhoh to Shoghor it was long day's journey. There I found a small fort belonging to Ashak Khan, and no one lived here except his family. From Shoghor I arrived at Chitral in two days. Stayed there three months, and when Ashak Khan, having made war against his father Shah Afzul, was defeated and fled to Dir, I accompanied him. At that time Ghazee Khan was the ruler of Dir. I remained there two months and then went to Swat, by the country of the Sufeed Khel. I reached Sufeed, where the Akhund lives, and stayed there three days, after which I went by Mardan to Peshawur. There I travelled through Dhanna and Muzaffurabad to Cashmere, where I lived for a year, and then at last was able to return to Gilgit."

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The story of Ilim Khan is a fair example of the history of scores of men and women in the Gilgit district. I have not chosen it for any special points, but Ilim Khan, being a man of intelligence, is able to give a more connected narrative than most of the others I have spoken to. I have written down his tale exactly as he related it. In spite of some mistakes, his recollections of the places he visited in his wanderings is excellent.

Li Drew G-2 (1862-1872) 1871 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3

here the Puniál Raja has a guard of six men, who, on signs of an enemy approaching, would light a signal fire; for this reason no cooking of food is allowed there, so the look-out party take a few days' provisions ready cooked, to last until their relief. To hold this position would require one or two hundred men. There are two roads past it, one of them only can be traversed by horses. At three other places is a guard kept. One on the left bank of the Gilgit River, a little lower down than Gáhtj; one is on the left bank of the Ishkoman River (which falls in from the north above Gáhtj) and one on its right bank, near, I think, its junction with the main stream; while in summer a guard is posted nearly a day's march up the Ishkoman Valley. The object is to reach the best look-out place at each particular time of the year, and this must vary as the rivers become fordable or impassable. The Yásin have a guard at a place called Sherkote, on the left bank, opposite to Hápar.

It was in November, 1870, that I went through Puniál. The ruler is Raja Isá Bágúr (a name sometimes corrupted by strangers to Bahádur). We were together for several days; we travelled in company, and nearly every day I joined him in a game of polo; with such intercourse we naturally became well acquainted. He is a man who has long been at enmity with the Yásin family, and now entertains the most lively hatred of them; in the various wars of invasion he has had to flee from his territory and take shelter now in Gilgit, now in Chilás, and now in Kashmir. On the re-conquest of Gilgit by the Maharaja (which will be related in another chapter) he was replaced in his own country, which ever since he has held in fidelity to the government, often under difficult circumstances. Though an old man he is strong and active; he is a capital, even a renowned, rider. In character he is both brave and politic, at the same time cautious and enterprising. He is much feared by his enemies and liked by his people; these obey him implicitly; it is their custom, on meeting him, to go up and kiss his hand; this, I believe, to be the general old custom in Dárdistán, or at all events in that part of it where the government is monarchical.

1: Drew G-3 (1862-1872) 1875 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3

137 Mr. Hayward, who made friends with the Yásín chief, Raja Isá Bágdur's worst enemy, took a dislike to the latter. I speak of him as I myself found him.

INDUS FLOODS.

133 In several of the preceding chapters, as well as in the present one, various physical phenomena have been noted, which either have caused or have been likely to cause a flood in the Indus River or in some of its tributaries. Thus in Central Ladákh we encountered signs of the river having been dammed by the protrusion of fans or by landslips, and such a keeping back of the water is likely to be followed by a working out of a channel through the dam quickly enough to produce a flood. By the Ārandú Glacier we saw how little side lakes were every now and then being formed, the sudden draining of which sometimes made a flood perceptible at all events in the tributary valley if not in the main one. Again, the instance of the Tarshing Glacier shows how ice can act as the dam of a lake of considerable size, whose body of water is enough when loosed to effect enormous damage. Now in the lower part of the Indus—where, after the unexplored space, we again become acquainted with it—floods have been experienced which were the extreme of the greatest of the events whose nature has just been explained; only the greatest have such effect as to be observed in these inferior regions, the others are masked, either by the addition of the volumes of water of the lower tributaries of the river, or by the gradual dying out of the flood with the distance and with the bends and shallows of the river.

Two great floods have been noted in the part where the Indus leaves our map; they have been remembered on account of their extraordinary height, and of the great havoc they effected. The first is the flood which devastated the plain of Chach in Hazára in the year 1841. The second is that which in 1858 caused such a rise of the river at Atak (Attock) that the waters of the Kábul stream were pressed back, and, overflowing, destroyed a great part of the British cantonment of Nowshahra. Each of these has been

1: Drew .G-3 (1862-1872) 1875 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3

175 "raja"; the name "Gūrī" is found in composition in Gūrīkot, *kot* meaning "fort,"; there is one Gūrīkot in the Astor Valley and another in the Kishangangā Valley.

Abas was the last of the Trakane line; with him ended the independence of Gilgit; henceforward the valley was devastated by successive invasions of the neighbouring Rajas, who, each in turn, first acquired the country and then was defeated and killed by some other. In the twenty or thirty years ending with 1842 there were *five* dynastic revolutions in Gilgit, as follows:—

(1) Sulaimān Shāh, ruler of Yāsīn, of the Bakhto caste or family, conquered Gilgit from either Muhammad Khān or Abas, I do not know which.

(2) Āzād Khān, ruler of Punial, killed Sulaimān Shāh at Sher and ruled in his stead in Gilgit.

(3) Tātr Shāh, ruler of Nagar, displaced and killed Āzād Khān; he himself died a natural death, and was succeeded by his son, Shāh Sakandar.

(4) Gaur Rahmān, ruler of Yāsīn, conquered Gilgit and killed Shāh Sakandar.

(5) Karīm Khān, brother to Shāh Sakandar who was killed, with the aid of a Sikh force, expelled Gaur Rahmān from Gilgit a year and a half after his acquisition of it.

This brings us to the year 1842, and from that time Gilgit history becomes bound up with Kashmir; from here onwards it is known in more detail.

159 But first I must speak of Gaur Rahmān, who, though expelled at this stage, will again appear on the scene in a prominent part. He was the eldest son of Malik Imān,* the ruler of Yāsīn. He

* Dr. Leitner states that Malik Imān was brother to Sulaimān Shāh; this would make Sulaimān Shāh uncle to Gaur Rahmān, but in another place Dr. Leitner speaks of Sulaimān Shāh as Gaur Rahmān's great-uncle; I do not know which is correct.

I have had given me the names of eight sons of this Malik Imān:—Gaur Rahmān: Gul Sher Khān, the son of a gull, or concubine; he was killed in the fight at Madori: Mir-i-Imān, the son of a Rānī; he was killed in Chitral, in 1870: Akbar Imān, the son of a gull; he was killed by his nephew, Malik Imān: Khalīl-i-Imān, the son of a gull; he lives at Tūl, in Yāsīn (1870): Dur-i-Imān; he was killed at Madori: Buja', the son of a gull; he was living in Yāsīn in 1870: Zedulla Khān, the son of a gull; he was killed at Roshan in 1869.

1; Drew G-3 (1862-1872) 1875 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3

was a most bloodthirsty man; as much so perhaps, though he had not the same opportunities of killing on a large scale, as Theodore of Abyssinia. There are many tales told of his ferocity and brutality; the Dārds generally are rather careless of life, but with his deeds they were disgusted. I believe it to be a fact that on one occasion at least he killed a young child by throwing it up and cutting it in the air with his sword. And I cannot doubt the truth of this that I heard, that, he stopping at Naupūra, on a village headman being brought before him on some complaint, or else coming to complain of his people, Gaur Rahmān beckoned him near, and then, with his sword, cut the man's head off with a blow; then he would let no one touch the body to bury it, but would have it devoured by the dogs. They say that when he was ill he would have some men killed for *sīyās*, that is, as a propitiatory sacrifice. He seems to have had a special enmity and spite against the people of Gilgit, who suffered terribly under his two reigns, but to have spared the Puniāl people.

Gaur Rahmān married first the maternal aunt of Imān-ul-Mulk, ruler of Chitrāl, secondly the sister of the same Imān-ul-Mulk, and, thirdly, the daughter of Āzād Khān, of Puniāl, that is, it would seem, the daughter of the man who killed his uncle. From the first marriage he had two sons, *Mulk Īsās* (named after his grandfather) and *Mīr Walī*; from the second marriage he had a son, *Pahlwān Bahādur*, who is also called Ghulām Mahai-ud-dīn; from the third marriage he had two sons, one was *Mīr Ghāzī*, the other (whose name I do not know) was killed by his half-brother Mulk Imān.

THE SIKH OCCUPATION; 1842 TO 1847.

Gaur Rahmān, as stated above, coming from Yāsīn, conquered Gilgit and killed the then ruler, Raja Shāh Sakandar. Shāh Sakandar's brother, Karīm Khān, having escaped to Gor, from there sent an agent to the Sikh Governor of Kashmīr imploring aid. The appeal was responded to. A couple of Sikh regiments were sent under Nathū Shāh, a Syed, of Gujrānwāla, who held the rank of colonel. This was about the year 1842. Up to this time the

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

CHAPTER II

FIRST VISIT TO CHITRAL

644 AFZUL-UL-MULK, second son of the Mehtar or King
159 of Chitral, who had passed the winter in a visit to
175 India, and had been in Kashmir as I passed through, now arrived in Gilgit, and came to see me. He was generally known in Chitral as the Tsik Mehtar, or little Mehtar, his elder brother Nizam-ul-Mulk, in consideration of being heir-apparent, having the title of Sirdar. He was a good-looking young man with beautiful eyes and well-shaped face, the mouth being the bad part, the lower lip of which was heavy. It was the family feature, borne by every Katúr, as the clan of the ruling family was called. Colonel Lockhart had taken a great fancy to Afzul-ul-Mulk, and he had certainly a taking personality. Bright, cheery, of an enquiring turn of mind, talking Persian fluently, as does every gentleman in the Hindu-Kush, interested in everything he had seen in India, realising what the British power meant better than his father, who had never left Chitral, and extravagantly loyal, open-handed, courteous to all, young, handsome, hospitable, a good shot, and, for a Chitrali, a fine rider, it would have been curious if he had failed to be popular. But there was a different side to his

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

character, as I very soon learnt. At heart he was a pure savage, a mixture of the monkey and the tiger. Loyal from calculation, and from hopes of being recognised by Government as the heir-apparent, he was, under his cloak of open bonhomie, generosity, and transparent honesty, the most persistent plotter, and the most treacherous and ruthless foe. At his father's death he very naturally seized the throne, and his elder brother fled the country, defeated by superior powers of intrigue. But with all his cunning Afzul-ul-Mulk was a fool. He tried to strike terror by cutting down the leading men; he cut down too many or too few. The cold-blooded and treacherous murder of three brothers would have passed with little comment, the death of leading adherents of his brother was natural, but the announcement that a list of head men existed, who were to be killed, and the uncertainty as to whose turn was to come next, were too much. A carefully prepared plot, hatched in Afghanistan, overthrew him; his trusted adherents betrayed him, his most confidential servant opened the gates of his fort and let in the enemy, and he fell as he had risen, by treachery and murder.

However, at the moment, everything was rosy. No shadows of coming events chilled us, and I gladly arranged to accept the Mehtar's invitation to visit his country, so courteously delivered by Afzul. It was decided that he should move on ahead of me, as he took up a great deal of carriage, and that he should await me at Mastuj, the headquarters of the district he governed. I wanted a few days to arrange about my carriage, and to take farewell of my Kashmiri friends, to each one of whom I had to

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

643 681 usual, a present, in this case a small round looking-glass in a brass cover, a thing much prized in these parts. He declined to receive it, and said the last man had got five rupees and a knife, and that he would not take less. It would have been impossible to carry on if I allowed myself to be rushed for presents in this way, so I dismissed him, and sending for the Mehtar's half-brother, who was accompanying me, explained the man's impertinence to him. The result was startling; the old gentleman was furious, said that, had we been in Chitral teritory, he would have cut the man to pieces at once, and that the Mehtar would certainly, if he heard of it, kill the man and sell his wife and children for slaves. I interceded for him, and he got off without punishment, but it gave one an idea of how the Mehtar ruled, and why he was obeyed as he was.

159 Nizam-ul-Mulk met us the first march across the border, and was with us a couple of days. He was a handsomer man than his brother, but had the same heavy under-lip. His manners were charming, but his morals, like those of almost every leading man in the country, excepting the Mehtar, Afzul, and one or two others, left much to be desired. He [244] was a worse governor than Afzul, a mixture of cruelty, indolence, and good-nature, but he was popular too in his way, being a fine shikari. He was always accompanied by his dancing and singing boys, without whom he would move nowhere, and he was consequently an intolerable nuisance on the march, as they kept up their music right through the night. During his first interview with me he

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

rather embarrassed us by asking, after a pause in the conversation, during which he had been fixedly staring at Robertson, whether the latter was a really good doctor. You had to be prepared to receive any question or statement with an impassive face, a feat at first a little difficult, for Chitrali views of life were quaint.

Nizam mentioned casually that he had sold forty of his people into slavery this year, and explained that he had selected them from houses in which there were several men, so that it would make no difference in cultivating the land, an arrangement which he seemed to think showed a good deal of consideration. Afzul, when discussing the slavery question later with me, pointed out that in India we could afford to keep up jails, but that in a poor country like Chitral this was impossible, and that selling into slavery answered to our penal servitude; it was the only way of punishing a man who was too much of a scoundrel to be allowed at large. If selling into slavery had been ruled by these conditions, there might not have been so much to say against it in a country in the condition of Chitral, but this was not the case. The Mahtar and his sons looked upon selling men into slavery as a natural source of revenue, and they took every opportunity they could of making money in this way. The market value of an able-bodied man was about a hundred rupees, a good-looking young woman ran up to two hundred or two hundred and fifty, a boy or a girl was usually worth a horse, and could be got for from forty to eighty-five rupees, an old man was worth a good sporting dog or a

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

224 the most glorious colours, but we had no time to admire this at the moment. We had been riding over ground which I should have said was absolutely impossible for horses; it was steeper than the roof of most houses, and but for its soft and shaley character, no horse ever foaled could have carried a man up it. At the top of the last steep pitch we found ourselves on the edge of a moraine, and a couple of hundred yards from us on the main mountain side were half a dozen dogs baying an ibex, which they had driven on to a niche a foot square in the face of a precipice. There was no way down even for an ibex, the crack in the cliff he had come down was now guarded by two savage hounds, who dashed at him and drove him back if he tried to ascend. It was a picturesque sight, but a sad one, the ibex now standing facing despairingly out from the cliff, and then turning and trying to force his way up, butting at the dogs as they barred his way, only to be driven back every time. Getting off our horses we walked up under cover to within a hundred yards, when Robertson took his shot, and the ibex came crashing down, the most fearful fall, the body bounding twenty feet at a time, knocking two of the hounds who had been half-way up head over heels, and carrying them to the bottom of the cliff. The horns were not good, thirty-four inches in length, but it was a curious trophy. It was a thing to have seen, but of course not sport to an Englishman's mind.

159 The descent from our glacier showed how steep the ground was we had ridden up; it was out of the question to ride down, and without a stick you

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

had to use your hands to steady yourself. Afzul put on all the royal Chitrali airs at once, and had to be helped down, a man on each side of him and his arms round their necks. An affected limpness came over him, and he flopped down the hill like an animated rag doll, only to recover when we got on to more rideable ground, where he was hoisted on his horse and was at once himself again.

On my return to Mastuj I found awaiting me Jemadar Rab Nawaz Khan, a native officer of good family in Multan, who was our representative in Chitral, and two more of the Mehtar's sons. They had been sent by the Mehtar to escort me to Chitral. I gathered that the Mehtar was expecting magnificent presents from me, and that he had given strict injunctions that I was to be nursed and prevented from wasting my substance on giving any one else anything.

I found that the Chitralis who had been to India with Nizam and Afzul during the last two years could and would talk of nothing but the Mint at Calcutta. Afzul's followers also expatiated on the beauties of a British cavalry regiment seen at Rawal Pindi. But, unfortunately, those in charge of the tours of these savages had taken them all round India, and had practically shown them no troops. The triumphs of local self-government at Calcutta and Bombay did not impress them, their own villages were almost as filthy; the railway was a convenient curiosity, but it obviously could only run about on the flat; the plains of India, one sea of crops, were a source of wonder, and suggested untold loot; but the real joy was the Mint. Constantly we

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

643 walked forward, the Mehtar walking to meet me half way. It was an interesting moment for both of us, as we shook hands and looked into each other's eyes. The Mehtar was a big man, and heavy, about sixty-five years of age, with a very strong and clever face, but the mouth was spoilt by the loss of his front teeth.

644 291 After a few words of welcome we mounted our horses, and rode off. The Mehtar was surrounded by his court, Afzul-ul-Mulk and various other sons were there, and representative nobles from all parts of the country. The scene was one of the most brilliant and striking it is possible to imagine. It could not compare with the more ordered magnificence of the court of an Indian prince, but what was lost in splendour and numbers was made up by its wild picturesqueness. The Mehtar, dressed in green silk (he was a most devout Mahomedan), riding a big horse covered with brilliant silver trappings, moved off, with me on his right hand, the centre of a crowd of hundreds of horsemen and footmen in the brightest array. Cloth of gold, the rich silks of Central Asia, the most superb velvet coats, the colour almost hidden by the gold embroidery, the brightest English and Chinese silks in all colours, scarlets and blues, crimsons and purple, plain and brocaded, chogas of plain whole-coloured velvets, or of English broadcloths, flaring cottons, and the dull, brown haircloth of the country were all mingled without the semblance of order in inextricable confusion. The only appearance of uniform was in the Mehtar's *corps de ballet*, all the men and boys of which were dressed alike in blue sleeveless coats over white muslin shirts covered with

4c Durand G-3 (1888-9) 1908 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

huge red spots, finished off with bright red trousers, a costume at once startling and effective.

We rode in this way three miles to the bridge, which we dismounted to cross, then on past the fort, which Robertson was a few years later to know so well, and to assist in defending so splendidly, to the polo ground. There the usual performance was gone through, but on a greater scale than I had seen before, with many more riders and more brilliantly arrayed. Then we rode back to my camp, which was in an orchard a few hundred yards from the fort, I having had quite enough of riding hand-in-hand with my host, a custom which, however honourable, involves you in difficulties when you have to ride over small stone walls, narrow watercourses, and in and out of deep ravines. The Mehta took his leave after a few minutes' conversation, and soon after sent us in a most excellent dinner cooked by the ladies of his household. In the couple of hours I had been with him he had made a deep impression on me. He was a fine old man, a striking figure as he rode along, sitting his horse upright and well; and had the history of his forty years of rule been unknown, there was that in him which attracted your attention at once. I felt instinctively that I was once to face with a ruler of men.

4c Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

CHAPTER III

A MONTH IN CHITRAL

643 159 MEHTAR AMAN-UL-MULK was a very remarkable man. For forty years he had been the chief personality on the frontier; even in his father's time he had made his mark. It would be wearisome to attempt to unravel the long story of battle and murder, treachery and intrigue, formed by his life. Suffice it to say that he ruled a united Chitral, extending from the borders of Punyal on one hand, to the borders of Kafiristan and Dir on the other, and that the watershed of the Hindu-Kush was his northern [642] boundary. He was tributary to Kashmir, and received from that State a subsidy, which had been doubled a few years before our meeting, for his assistance when Gilgit was besieged by the then ruler of Yasin.

A brief account of this incident will give a good idea of the Mehtar's methods. Yasin was ruled by the Kushwakt family, descended from Shah Kushwakt, the brother of Shah Katir, the founder of the Chitral royal family. The families of course frequently intermarried, and were closely connected. In the year 1880, Fakhr-ul Bahadur, the Kushwakt

4c Durand G-8 (1888-98) 1900 AVI Kashmir
Dard Av3
Chitral

ruler of Yasin, and a nephew of Aman-ul-Mulk, who had had an adventurous and stormy career, took it into his head to invade Punyal and to expel the Dogras from Gilgit. The Mehtar encouraged him in every way, promised him assistance, and urged him to the enterprise. Pahlwán started and laid siege to Cherkilla, the chief fort of Punyal. The moment he was well committed to his adventure the Mehtar, who had secretly collected his forces, occupied Yasin. The unfortunate Pahlwán was at once deserted by his people, and threw himself on his uncle's mercy. It was of the usual kind, and he died suddenly.

The Mehtar was steeped to the lips in treachery; his hands were crimson with the blood of his nearest relations; two out of his three brothers he had murdered; the third was in exile in Kabul; his Kushwakt cousins had equal cause to rue his name. He was continually plotting to get his refugee relations to return to his country, with small success, for they well knew theirs would be but a short shrift. But such a character cannot be judged by our standards: in wild Mahomedan states it is always, and must always be, a case of kill or be killed amongst the sons of a ruling chief after their father's death. Polygamy, and the pernicious habit of parcelling out a kingdom into governorships during a ruler's lifetime among his sons, invariably lead to civil war; and when one brother falls into the hands of the other there can be but one result, and that as much in the interest of the state which is saved from war as in that of the conqueror, for "stone dead hath no fellow."

The Mehtar ruled his country with a rod of iron,

4a Dunand G-P '1888-92) 1900 AVI Kashmir
David A(1)
Chitral

The Mehtar ruled his country with a rod of iron and none dared gainsay his commands. But his rule was not popular—far from it. His oppression extended in all directions: he sold large quantities of timber yearly to Peshawari merchants, and the whole of it was cut and conveyed to the streams by forced labour—of course unpaid for; he interfered in trade, and levied prohibitive taxes on merchandise passing through his country; he bought the goods of passing merchants, if he wanted them, at his own valuation; he sold his subjects into slavery, and sent presents of slave boys and girls to the Amir and to neighbouring chiefs. At the same time he had many good points. He was deeply religious according to his lights, yet he was no bigot. His view was that so long as a man was a good subject the ruler had no call to interfere with his religious opinions, and while I was in Chitral he soundly rated his son Murid for trying to enforce orthodoxy among his people. He was a kind and indulgent father, and devoted to his small sons, who used to form a pretty group round him when he came to see me, clustering about him with the fearlessness of affection. In a country where unnatural vices were rampant he was untainted. He had a religious horror of them, and attributed his success over the Kashkar chiefs to their depravity, against which God's wrath had kindled. He was much married, not "cursedly confined" to one wife, or for the matter of that, to some dozens of wives and concubines. Like David, he "scattered his Maker's image through the land," and at every village you found a small son or heard of a daughter. He had eighty children.

4: Durand G-2 (1888-92) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
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Chitral

159 His bearing was royal, his courtesy simple and perfect, he had naturally the "courtly Spanish grace" of a great hereditary noble, the dignity and ease of manner which is the birthright of every gentleman in the East, but which were none the less striking from the fact that the Mehtar had never left his mountain fastnesses. I had read several descriptions of the Mehtar; my lamented friend, Ney Elias, had put him down as in his second childhood, still full of cunning and intrigue, but unable to follow an idea or to keep the thread of a conversation, and had warned me that I should find him hopeless to do business with. I believe that the cause of this judgment was that Ney Elias had seen the Mehtar during the fast month, which was naturally very trying for an old man. Moreover, when passing through Chitral, Ney Elias had no official position, and the Mehtar may have thought there was nothing to gain by being attentive to his conversation. Any one more thoroughly competent to conduct affairs I never met.

[72] I saw a great deal of him; he used to drop into my camp after his morning's hawking expedition, or come in before his afternoon's ride, always waiting at the entrance of my camp to be invited in, for, by the etiquette of the country, the ground I occupied was my own. I used to have to keep a sharp look-out not to be caught *en déshabillé*, for I always met him at the entrance of the camp, and conducted him to my tent. He used to sit for hours discussing everything under the sun, drinking tea, and eating gingerbread nuts soaked in it, distributing pieces to his small sons, and occasionally to a favourite courtier. He would

4a Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

159 wander apparently aimlessly from subject to subject, but you had to be very careful of what you said or admitted, for, like lightning, would shoot out some sudden searching question about the matter on which his mind was really working. It was his little way, practised I imagined originally as an art, but which had become second nature.

643 648 159 The moment was an interesting one to be in Chitral: Mahomed Ishák had invaded Afghanistan from Russian Turkestan, Afghan Turkestan had fallen into his hands, the old princes of Wakhan, who had taken refuge in Chitral territory from the Amir, had been summoned by him, and momentarily reinstated in their country, his emissaries were passing through Chitral, and going to Dir, Bajaur, and Swat, endeavouring to raise trouble for the Amir. The Mehtar was very anxious; he was between the devil and the deep sea; he feared the Amir, and rightly, and hated him with a bitter and deadly hatred; he was afraid of the consequences if he espoused Mahomed Ishák's cause, for the success of which he prayed incessantly, and the latter failed in his attempt. On the other hand, Mahomed Ishák made great promises, and, if successful, might be a good friend; he could scarcely be a more dangerous and unpleasant enemy than Abdur Rahman. Altogether, it was a very difficult question, and he came and discussed it with me. I advised him, in what were the interests of Government as well as his own, not to stir up strife: a war once kindled on the frontier spreads frequently in unexpected directions. I pointed out that the Amir was our ally, that we did not desert our allies, and that Government would not be best pleased if the Mehtar

4: Durand G-3 (1888-92) 1900 AVI Kashmir
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started a conflagration. In the end, whether my counsel had anything to do with it or not, the old gentleman decided to sit on the fence and do nothing.

The Mehtar's views on the condition of frontier affairs were interesting, and his knowledge of men and matters varied and wide. A man does not rule a frontier state forty years for nothing. He saw that, so far as his dynasty and country were concerned, safety lay in alliance with us, danger in any closer intercourse with Afghanistan. For this reason he was delighted to have an unconquered Kafiristan on his flank as a buffer between him and the "God-given Government." He might occasionally, in retaliation for too numerous murders on the part of the Kafirs, raid their country with the object of getting some slaves, but he had no desire to see it conquered, and he was delighted that the Kafirs made the road down towards Asmar, and up the Ashreth valley to the Lowari pass, their happy hunting-ground, and murdered stray Pathans. The more dangerous the road was, the more isolated and safe his state. We discussed many questions, to which I cannot refer, with daily increasing interest and amusement on my part. Some of his ideas with all his shrewdness were very quaint; one of his most persistent demands was that, given any agreement with Government, it should be engraved on a sheet of copper. Some ruffian had persuaded him that no treaty would be binding on us if only written on paper.

My state visit to the Mehtar was most ceremonious. A deputation of his courtiers came and escorted us to the fort, at the gate of which the Mehtar met us, and conducted us to a dais outside,

The chorus at the Mehtar's durbar was composed of all his men off duty, men from all the neighbouring villages who had come to see the fun, a stray Kafir or two who grinned in a friendly way at us, all the heterogeneous rabble possible to collect in Chitral. The price they paid for being present and looking at the dancing was continued applause, shouts of encouragement to the dancers, in which they were led by an official who was described as the head of the Mehtar's household. He was a very wild-looking creature, who rushed along the ranks of the spectators dressed in a scarlet cloth chogu, and armed with a big ornamented stick, with which he belaboured any of the crowd who did not shout loud enough. After we had sat through the performance for some time the Mehtar rose, and, taking me by the hand, escorted me along a narrow path made by laying down cotton cloth, white and coloured, and scarfs of various kinds, finishing in a strip of shoni kinkob, all of which became the perquisite of my servants after I had passed over it. The path led along the face of the fort to the private garden, from which there was a door leading to the household offices and ladies' apartments. In the garden we found a tent pitched, into which we entered, followed by three or four of the Mehtar's most important sons and nobles.

Directly we had sat down the Mehtar began an oration which lasted an hour, with interruptions to drink iced water, and to rub snuff on his gums, the Chitrali way of taking this most seductive form of the weed. The upshot of his discourse was that

he was a faithful servant of the British Government, and that he wanted various things, mostly rifles and money. Some of his remarks were amusing, as when looking a Kashmiri officer full in the face he said that he had been in the habit, in the old days, of beating the Kashmiris and looting them, but that out of consideration for us he had abandoned this source of revenue. All this time I was getting horribly hungry; we generally breakfasted about eleven, and had been hustled away from camp just before our breakfast was ready, and it was long past two before the Mehtar showed signs of having talked himself out. There was nothing for me to say beyond the usual diplomatic twaddle about the assurances I had received from the Viceroy's and the Foreign Secretary's lips of the interest felt by the Government in the welfare of Chitral, and of their personal regard for the renowned chief who ruled its destinies. The whole thing was a sort of full-dress debate, the object of which, on the Mehtar's part, was to let it be known throughout Chitral, and in the adjacent Pathan countries, Asmar, Dir, and Bajour, that he was definitely putting himself on the side of the British Government, and under its powerful protection.

The Mehtar, having thoroughly talked himself out, departed, leaving Alim-ul-Mulk to do host. The dinner was excellent of its kind, and we were introduced to various famous royal dishes, about the best being large flat unleavened cakes of bread full of minced meat, and sweet omelets made with honey.

I remained some time in Chitral, seeing the

organised hospital and dispensary at Chitral, under a good native doctor; that this was to be at our expense went without saying. I am glad to say I was able to arrange this, a hospital was established next year, and it has flourished and done much good in the country.

Before leaving Chitral I sent the Mehtar the presents I had brought up for him. The local etiquette forbids the gifts being offered in public, as everything so received had at once to be given away. My presents, therefore, were taken to the Mehtar by my local orderly. They consisted of a double-barrel express rifle, a pair of shot guns, and a miscellaneous assortment comprising silver goblets, cutlery, gold cloth from Benares, silks and brocades; and as the ladies were to be propitiated, carefully-graduated collections of rich brocades, silks, embroidered muslins, looking-glasses, jewelled trinkets, and last, but not least, boxes of scented soap and cases of perfumery. I was careful to ascertain the proper proportion to be observed in graduating the presents for the Mehtar's leading wives, and had a solemn interview with his minister on the subject. The result was excellent, and to my surprise and satisfaction I found that the Mehtar was delighted with the presents, and valued them at considerably more than treble what they had cost in India, and that the ladies were extremely pleased with theirs. The Mehtar's appreciation of some of my gifts was amusing. He was much taken with a set of silver cups in a case, the innermost of which was shaped like a champagne glass. He was delighted with this, and pointed out that it would be most useful as a spittoon when he chewed snuff. The

4 Dawad G-4 (1320-42) 1909 AVI Kashmir
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Chitral

and his eyebrows working furiously in time to the dancing. After the Chitralis had danced, some Bajouri Pathans present gave us an exhibition, the most picturesque piece of dancing we had seen. Five men, dressed in the loose flowing blue Pathan shirt, formed a circle round a flower thrown on to the ground, and danced round it, alternately advancing and retiring, swaying their bodies forward till their heads nearly touched in the centre of the ring, then throwing up their arms and swinging back their bodies and dancing away, their clothes flying and giving a wonderful grace and go to the dance. They then gave us another dance, also in most perfect time, to a plaintive song which they sang, their faces indicative of the deepest grief. This was followed by a wild repetition of the first dance, much faster, and with more dashing action, the accompaniment on the part of their friends being the rapid discharge of their guns. The flower in the centre represented a lovely maiden, and the dance tells the tale of a love story ending in an elopement.

Next morning the Mehtar paid me what was really his final visit, presented me with a last horse, badly galled, and complimented all his guests and views. We parted after an exchange of many civil speeches, and promises of eternal friendship, with genuine regret on my side, for I had got to like the old man very much, and to admire his strength of character and undoubted powers. We returned to Mastuj by the right bank of the river, making a detour through some of the higher valleys. The road the first day was very bad in parts; one awful cliff, across which it seemed to run for miles,

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Dard A43
Chitral

000 away for want of permission. Had any one else been Foreign Secretary, I might have chanced it, and come without leave, but I could not run the risk of being cut up, and of my brother getting blamed, so bewailing our luck, we turned our faces sadly and definitely to India.

159 Abdul-el-Malik came as far as the Chamarkand with us, and took leave there, after an abortive attempt at another ibex hunt with dogs. His country had been a pleasure to travel through, all the roads having been repaired, and the rough places made smooth in his anxiety to please. Pleasant as he had been, the more one saw of him the more the intriguing and ruthless savage came out, and the more I distrusted him. Still, he was a courteous host and a pleasant companion, and I was sorry to say good-bye to him.

122 It was far colder than when we had last been on the Chamarkand; the snow in a light sprinkling was on the pass, and covered the mountains in all directions down to twelve thousand feet. Frost had taken a firm hold of ground and stream, and the banks of the latter were hung with icicles. The road down ran through a broad open valley, that carried one back to the moorland at home on an extreme day. Clouds hung over the hills, dropping shifting curtains of snow and sleet, the distant mountains stood out dark blue and purple with snow-covered tops, the nearer showed grey dashed here and there with bright colouring from the grasses in their autumn tints. 213 The jungle in the stream bed had turned a dark red brown, and among the snow-sprinkled tussocks of dead and dying grasses fed a great herd of highland

4: Durand G-3 (1888-92) 1900 AVI Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

of learning all the changes in Chitral politics that had taken place during the preceding year. I found that Afzul-ul-Mulk had made considerable progress, and had detached some of his brother's most trusted adherents. The proposed return to India *viâ* Dir and Bajour was discussed with care, and the general opinion was that I could go down in safety if Umra Khan invited me. Both the Khan of Dir and the Khan of Alaband, the last man through whose hounds I should have to pass, were said to be most anxious to arrange my passage, but all depended on the Napoleon of Bajour.

Afzul accompanied me on my way to Chitral, and Nizam-ul-Mulk met me half-way there. The brothers, after the first formal meeting, carefully kept out of each other's way, their followers glowered at each other and kept their swords home in their scabbards. Prince Ilal, as we christened Nizam, was the same as ever, in manner and looks infinitely superior to his brother; but feckless as to the future, he was busily throwing away his chances of succession to the throne.

He came to see me after dinner one night and nearly finished his earthly career. We offered him tea, but he voted for something stronger, and we brought out one of our last bottles of champagne. He had never tasted it, and to my surprise was quite delighted with it. Unfortunately, accustomed though he had become to spirits, he was not proof against the sparkling wine, and a couple of glasses got into his head. Towards the end of the interview he looked extremely handsome, had a good colour, and was just sufficiently elevated to be on the best of terms with

4c Durand G-2 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard Av 3
Chitral

us all, and to enjoy himself thoroughly, while at the same time he knew perfectly well what he wanted to say, and said it in the confidential, good-humoured drunken man's way. But the return to his own tents was the serious thing: he did not mind his own men seeing him happy, but did not like Afzul's doing so, and he sat on till near midnight. Then, with protestations of eternal friendship and appreciative remarks as to the efficacy of the Dagonet, he wandered solemnly off, one arm round our Agent's neck, the other round his foster-brother's.

Poor Prince Hal, I was always sorry for him; it was so evident that he was playing a losing game and did not realise it, and if to his other vices he was going to add drink, it did not require a prophet to foresee the end. Afzul's private interview followed next evening, and I heard before he came that the little savage had been furious at his brother's visit the night before. He persuaded himself that I was promising to recognise his brother on the part of Government as the heir, and only the strongest dissuasion on the part of his principal adherents prevented his attacking and murdering Nizam as he passed from my tents to his own. We should have been in a pleasant predicament had he done so. After our interview we went and sat round a camp fire and watched Afzul's boys, and afterwards our Balti cooks, dancing. The latter were most grotesque and uncouth in their movements. The entertainment was diversified by a well-acted pantomime, representing the attack and murder of a party of Pathans by Kafirs, the comic element being

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

fort, and we were escorted by the Mehtar, surrounded 644
by a brilliant crowd of retainers, to our quiet camp in the well-remembered orchard The day was hot and the dust blinding, and we were delighted when the old Chief, with his tactful courtesy, having seen us home, left us in peace.

Next morning the Mehtar came with a legion of 159 ●
sons, and we received him in uniform, and with a guard-of-honour. He at once began talking business, but as I did not want to discuss my instructions *coram populo*, I turned the conversation first on to Robertson going to Kafiristan, to which he at once assented, and then to the establishment of the dispensary. The native doctor was summoned, and was presented to the Mehtar. I put his hand into the old Chief's, and entrusted him to his care. As usual, the Mehtar's manners were perfect, and he promised to take every care of him, a promise he loyally fulfilled. We then cleared the tent, and proceeded to business, which was concluded in this and following interviews fully to the satisfaction of both sides. The interview closed by my saying that I hoped this would be always remembered as an auspicious day. By the old Mehtar I am glad to think it was, but the seeds of strife sown in his day were even then germinating, and the little kingdom was to reel through a period of battle, murder, and sudden death; the princes, their hands red with brothers' blood, were to go down in rapid succession into the grave, and of all the sons I saw that day but one, then a child of seven, was to weather the storm.

As soon as the Mehtar had departed, Robertson 000
interviewed his Kafirs, and brought them to me to be

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

protectorate over Kafiristan, and for not preventing the Amir from conquering the country. An entire ignorance of geography, and a want of appreciation of the racial and territorial questions involved, and of the ties which bind us to the Afghan ruler, alone explain the position assumed.

We stayed some time in Chitral, and I saw a good deal of the Mehtar, and again was much taken with him. He must have been a strikingly handsome man in his youth; even now it was a very fine face, stern and bold, but with a charming expression when he smiled. He was in high good humour during my visits, and we used to go to the Jandli together and watch the polo. He wanted to play the first day, but I dissuaded him, not desiring to be present in Chitral during the inevitable free fight which must follow his death. When we got off our horses at the side of the ground there was but one chair, on which of course neither of us would sit, so we stood talking while another was being brought. Something I said pleased the old man so much that he turned and hugged me, and stood with his arm round my neck for some moments. It showed how pleased he was, and was satisfactory from that point of view, but it was a dreadful ordeal from another—for the Chitrali gentleman does not wash too much, and his clothes swarm with vermin. After an interview in one of their houses it was always a case of a complete change, all one's under-linen going into boiling water and outer garments being put into the sun and searched. It is a sickening experience for the Englishman.

After Robertson had started for Kafiristan I broke up the camp, sent off all coolies and most of the

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AVI Kashmir
Dard AV2
Chitral

to them. To my disgust one of them rushed at it, knocked it down with a tremendous blow of his fist, and a second dashed in with his dagger. It was done like lightning. I saw his hand clutch the hilt, and the next moment the dagger crashed through the poor creature's ribs. It was a most disgusting exhibition, and one we had not bargained for, merely the pure savage devilry and love of killing coming out. The goat was removed at once, and the Kafirs came into the ring and sang two or three times over the same few bars; the air had a very weird refrain, a sudden rise and fall in the cadence. One could well understand the effect being most telling if the song broke out suddenly in the silence of the night near some sleeping village, and roused its savage inhabitants with the glad tidings of successful raid and murder. The Kafirs had so disgusted me with their cruelty in killing the goat, and looked such low brutes, that I was glad when they went, and we returned to the "legitimate drama," our dancers and singing boys. Nizam promised me a glorious reception if I would come to Yasin and visit him next year. We were to have the band and dancing boys all night, and not one of them twice over. It was a terrible prospect, and I should have had to go through with it, for I meant to make friends with my host, but the visit never came off.

159 The last day was spent in farewell visits, in seeing the Mehtar and his ladies their presents, and in distributing rewards to my various friends. The Mehtar accompanied me for a couple of miles when I left Chitral, and after giving me some really sensible advice against wandering about my own

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Dard AV3
Chitral

159 kingdom without escorts, parted with me for the last time. I never saw him again, though we had three years more to work together in, and whatever snares he laid for me, however much he plotted to my annoyance and sometimes to my anger, my personal friendship and admiration for the old man [661] never changed. Considering his surroundings he was a great man. He was a typical border chief of the old school: for him and his brothers the question had been whether to kill or to be killed. He had chosen the former, and had carried out his plans with unwavering determination, backed by the coolest calculation and the most ruthless execution.

900 The lines from Sir Alfred Lyall's well-known poem, "The Amir's Soliloquy," used to ring in my head as I sat looking at the old man's striking face:—

> "The virtues of God are pardon and pity, they never were mine;
> They have never been ours, in a kingdom all stained with the blood of our kin;
> Where the brothers embrown in the war field, and the reddest sword must win."

The brothers who opposed him slept where they had embrowned, and his red sword was sheathed. He ruled over a united country, and no man might gainsay him.

My return journey was uneventful. Afzul-ul-Mulk entertained me at Mastuj. We crossed the Shandur ahead of a heavy snowstorm which overtook us next day, but nothing of importance happened. I received en route a letter from Younghusband, forwarded by the Hunza Chief, saying that

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir AV1
Dard AV3
Chitral

offensive, and much in fear of the Chilasis, who in any raids in the Gilgit direction had to pass through their territory. The fighting force of Gor was insignificant, and the little state was tributary to Kashmir. The next republic was Darel; it was more important than Gor, and could turn out from a thousand to fifteen hundred men. The Durbar troops had in 1866 penetrated into the country, the people of which had made submission, and every year hostages were sent in to Kashmir, and a small tribute paid. Tangir, which lay next, was about equal in importance to Darel, and paid tribute to the rulers of Yasin. Below these tribes stretched a band of country inhabited by Kohistanis of different clans until the Pathan border was reached.

I found on my arrival at Gilgit that the Gor headmen had expressed their anxiety to come more directly under the protection of Kashmir. They were anxious to avoid being drawn into trouble should the Chilasis, as seemed likely, create disturbances, and to throw in their lot openly with Kashmir seemed to offer them the best chance of security. In a few days their representative deputation arrived, and after listening to their views I dismissed them to their homes with suitable presents, pointing out that they had nothing to fear from our side.

Rather disturbing news now began to come from Chitral. Umra Khan of Jandol had moved over his border, and occupied a portion of Chitral territory, and Afzul-ul-Mulk clamoured for the despatch of the mission. The arrival of a mission and his recognition as Mehtar by the Government of India would

4: Durand G-8 (1888-93) 1900 AVI Kashmir
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Chitral

strengthen his hands, and would tend to prevent aggression from the neighbouring powers. To my disgust but not surprise, for I knew the little savage well, he had signalised his acquisition of the throne by wholesale murders of his elder brother's adherents, and had killed three of his brothers in cold blood. However it was no business of mine to interfere, and I could only watch from a distance. Robertson was very anxious to reciprocate the advances made by the Gor people, and I suggested to the Government of India that the wishes of their representative should be acceded to, and that he should visit the country. Sanction was accorded to the proposal, and early in November Robertson started for Gor.

The day he was to leave Bunji came a messenger in frantic haste, bearing the news that Sher Afzul, a brother of the old Mehtar, who had been in exile for years in Afghanistan a pensioner of the Amir's, had crossed the frontier by the Dorah, surprised and killed Afzul-ul-Mulk in his fort of Chitral, and proclaimed himself Mehtar. This was bad, but the most serious news was that he had proclaimed a religious war against us, that our native agent and doctor were in danger of their lives, and that troops were being collected and hurried towards Yasin, the tract of Chitral just beyond our borders. Later in the day the late Mehtar's minister and the Governor of Mastuj rode up to my door. I could hardly recognise in the haggard travel-stained man, carrying his favourite son on his saddle-bow, who swung himself off his horse and stood broken with hard riding before me, the picturesque, cheery gentleman,